TO PRYILLIS IN BER GARDEN.

Sweet Phyllist For your lovely sake I weave these rambling numbers, Recause the morn is just awake. And keeps me from my slumbers. Because I see your dainty dress Among the clins ing grasses, Because you claim a soft caress

From every breeze that passes. Decause we've passed some joyous days, A thousand coarming hours. Among your mary garden ways, Embowered with your flowers; Eccause whene'er I hear your words Some pleasant feeling lingers, Recause I think your heart has chords

That vibrate to your fingers Because you've got those long soft curls.
I've sworn should deck my goddess; Because you're not like other girls, All runte, blush, and bodice. Because I think you'd scarce refuse

Because I know you'd sometimes choose

To sew one on a bu tou;

To dine on simple mutton. Because your tiny little nose Turns up so pert and funny: Breause I snow you choose your heaux More for their mirth than money; Because I think you d rather twiri

A waitz, with me to guide you, Than talk small nonsense to a courl, With countless wealth beside you. Because I think I'm just so weak

As, some of these fine morrows, To seek pour garden there to speak My story-and my sorrows. Because the rest's a simple thing. A matter quickly over, A church, a priest, a sigh, a ring,

And a lifetime spent in clover.

—Domestic Monthly.

THE WHITE PONY.

IBy M. D. in Times-Star. "I am Mirs Cheeseboro's white pony. The pony you admire so, that she drives along the road when the sunset makes the dust of the road all golden, and you sit at the window, or on the ba'cony, looking out and

envying her. "To dress so, to be so pretty-ought I to put that first or not? I'm only a pony and don't know. To be so rich that diamonds flash in her ears and on her fingers-that her home is a palace, where she, her father's only daughter, is the queen. All that ought to make her very happy, ought it not?

"She never had a trouble or a care, you ssy. Much you know. I tell you, a girl's own pony knows more of her than any parlor-caller; for, don't you know, he goes out with her, down long green lanes, over rough reads, along little wood-paths, where, because of the low branches, she must walk home slowly, and her touch on his neck, the tone of her voice, her way of riding him. all tell him how she feels. Then, too, my mistress had a way of alking to me. I know more about Miss Cheesboro than any one. Yes, indeed, than any one.

me home, and she came running down the steps to see me?

"What a beauty!' cried she. 'What a love! what a treasure!'

"And the light fell through the tree branches on her gold brown hair, and the dimples in her cheeks, and her littile white hand with all the rings on it as she came up close to me and patted me on the nose. " 'What shall I name him?' said she.

" 'He bas a name already, miss,' said the man who brought me. "What is it?' said she.

" 'Mephistopheles, mire,' said he. "Oh, what a name!' said she. 'Why did

they give him that name?" 'He's so wiss, miss,' said the man 'Overly wise, miss, sometimes.'

"Then she langued; but she never changed " 'Papa, I shall ride half the time,' said

" 'As much as you please, my dear,' said the old gentleman, but not unattended. One of you-ah, young Harker, you are the steadiest. You will always be ready to attend Miss Chesseboro?'

"And then I saw Ben Harker for the first time, as he stepped forward with a 'Very well, sir.' He was a lively young fellow, short and stout built, with fine shoulders and fine limbs, and cheeks like roses that Kate Cheeseboro wore in her hair that dayin her hair and on her besom.

"Naturally, being a pony, I'd seen plenty of grooms in my time. I never was a handsemer one, and it's my humble opinion that there is not a handsomer one to be seen. He knew how to use a pony, too-put the sidesaddle on comfortably. You may think there is no difference, but, if you had had one put on your own back, you'd know there was, I can tell you. And I liked him -yes, I liked Ben Harker. So, you see, I was very comfortable, for the rest of the family did not matter the flick of a whip to me.

"You've seen us often, I know, Mise Cheeseboro riding me far shead until we were out of the village and then calling her groom a little nearer and talking to him as she might to any servant about the pony and the way they should go. She always called him. He was never forward, and he fell back as soon as she stopped talking. But how he looked at her! I could not see her face, of course, as she rode me; but without meaning it, he looked-really, how can a pony tell how he looked?-as I did once when a fallow teased me, holding a bucket of feed close and pull-ing it away sgain; and it did not dawn upon me that he was in love for a long time, for you see when I've happened to notice grooms who were in love they've always looked red and sheepish, silly, oh so silly and delighted.

"But it dawned on me one day. I'll tell you how: She always wore a flower somewhere about her dress. One day one that she wore in her bosom, a tea rose it was, dropped to the ground as she rode. She did not know it, but in a moment he was off his horse and bad it in his hand, and is of great value in all forms of nervous diswas mounted again. She did not look ease which are accompanied by loss of around, and after he had held it a moment he hid it in his bosom. Then I was very angry. I saw just how he felt in a flash. A posy is one of the family, you know, and it seemed to me that I must do something to prevent it. We learn what social differences mean in the stable, and I knew this was not What did I do then? you sak. I did all a pony could. I turned my head toward home and fairly ran away from him with her. We reached home first, and he came flying after,

and there was the greatest wonderment.

'It was a mercy she wasn't thrown,' they said. How I laughed to myself at that.

'And what could have frightened me?' Well, I tried to teil; I showed all the displeasure I could toward Ben. I towed my head and tried to shake his hand off when he took me to the stables. I endeavored to show him that he done wrong; but, bless you, he never guessed I had taken notice. Some people are such donkeys themselves that they think ponies must be donkeys, too Bah! But after a while I softened to him. He was never cross, you know, and he didn't mind that I'd tried to bite him. He patted me on the neck after he'd fed me, and says he: 'Old Meph., you might out up a good deal rougher to me, and being her pony, I wouldn't take it iil; but if ever you throw her, look out, Meph., that's all. I'd kill anything that

hurt a hair of her head.'
"At that I laughed so loudly that I'm told

young ledy ran away with the couchman and experience is everything. One thing I vowed-if ever they ran away, she should not ride me. I can refuse to budge if I choose. I have done it before this. I should have been a stone pony under such circum-

"But the girl did not know, perhaps, what the boy felt. Who can tell what a girl knows? I could not, for one. "So the rides went on, and you never

the handsome groom followed, what a Mephistopheles knew. "You never guessed what he heard ber whieper one day, as she turned in her sad-dle and looked at him. It was thus:

"'Oh! what a pity he is'nt a gentleman. What a pity! what a pity!" "It was far away from the village, on the white road. It was as quiet as a place could be; but, still as it was, she whispered too low for him to hear. Then she said aloud: "Benjamin, what sort of weather are we going to have? Dare I ride farther?"

"He answered: "'I think it won't rain to day, Miss." "And then he was at her side, and his hat was off in his hand, and he was speaking. "'Miss,' he said, softly, 'if you please, I shall leave to morrow.

" 'Leave!' she said. 'You leave us! Why? "'I'd rather not tell why, Miss,' said he. "Why, Benjamin?' said she. 'Has papa

found fault with you?'
"'No. Miss,' said he. " Is your work hard?" "No, Miss'

"Your wages too low?" "'It's not a matter of wages,' said he; 'it's

a matter of duty.' "'Then, why won't you tell?' said she. 'I insist that you shall tell.' "After all, you see servants are men, and

ladies women, and youth is youth. " 'Miss Cheeseboro,' said he, 'since you ask me you must excuse me for telling you. I've stepped out of my place. I've done what I should be kicked out of the house for, if it were known. I've fallen in love with you. Of course I'm not a foo!. I know I'm only a servant to you, but all the same I've done it, and I must go where I need not see you

"Then they were both silent. We stood under the shadow of a great tree. I don't snow what his horse thought-nothing, perhaps; he was a stupid beast-but I listened with all my ears.

"'I never minded being poor and ignorant before,' he said soon, 'or that I came of common folks I never wanted book learning and money, and to be a gentleman, as have done lately; but if you knew how respectful all my thoughts have been, you'd not be angry, Miss.'

"'I am only very, very sorry,' said che; and I see that you had better go-a great ueal better."

'I felt ber tromble. "'Miss Cheeseboro,' he said, speaking fast this time and turning very pale, 'you know it isn't my fault that I'm a poor man and a servant, and haven't been taught much, and you "Don't I remember the day they brought | know feelings ain't to be managed. They'll

have their way. I mean to ask a question If it seems impudent to you I shall be sorry I don't mean it so. If-if I-"Well? said she.

"If I'd been a gentleman and rich and book learnt and otherwise mysert, might you ever have liked me just a little?" "And at that I felt her droop, and I knew her head was bent low, and that her tears

"Beriamin," she said, "if we had been in the same rank of life. I might not have said: You had better go away. You are gentlemen enough not to presume on that in any way, I know, or on this that I tell you-that it is not I so much as papa's daughter who must say-must know-that there is nothing to be said but good by and forget me. There are many sweet, good girls who will be glad to hear you say what you have said

"'I shall never say that to any one again!"

"Then they rode home; he far behind from first to last. When he left me that night he kissed me on my forehead. "'Good by, old Meph.,' said he. 'I wish I

"And I never saw him again. "There's an old gray-headed groom behind us now when we ride, and he keeps behind. But I know why we ride so often along the white road, and standiquiet in the shade of the elm trees. Once or twice I have felt her droop and bend her head again as she did

that day. "I know enough of young girl's hearts to know that it will not last forever; but if you think Miss Cheeseboro, with her money and beauty, very happy just now, I can tell you -I, Mephistopheles, her own pony-that you are mistaken."

John McCullough in Chicago. Chicaga Tribune.

John McCullough, the tragedian, arrived in the city from St. Louis Thursday morning and is stopping at the residence of his friend, John B. Carson, on Michigan boulevard, where he expects to remain a week or more. Mr. McCullough is looking well in the face, but appears weak and uncertain in his step. He strolled around town yesterday, and spent some moments gazing into the remodeled front of McVicker's Theater, where he last played. Yesterday morning he dropped in at the Tremont House, and an old theatrical friend who met him there said that the tragedian conversed with him nearly two hours about old times in a most rational manner. He paid a bill of \$10 55 which he had contracted at the hotel when last here, and which he remembered even to the exact amount. He did not refer to his own professional career at all.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

HUNDREDS OF BOTTLES PRESCRIBED. Dr. C. R. Dake, Belleville, Ill., says: "H have prescribed hundreds of bottles of it. It

Caught in the Shafting. Big Rapids, Mich., May 7 .- Charles Blanchard sged twenty, employed in Klady's novely works, this afternoon was caught in the shafting which revolved many times, breaking both his legs and several ribs. He

is still alive, but his injuries are fatal.

The Duty of State Legislatures. Legislation in every State should regulate the sale and use of the many poisons resorted to by women in their desperation to obtain a beautiful complexion. There exists in Dr. Harter's Iron Tonic every requisite to accomplish the object without injuring health or endangering life.

Vitality of Great Men Is not always innate or born with them, but many instances are known where it has been

acquired by the persistent and judicious use of Dr. Harter's Iron Tonic.

Wants the Facts Known. Mr. EDITOR-I and my neighbors have been led so many times into buying different things for the liver, kidneys and blood that have done us more harm than good, I feel it due your readers to advise them when an honest and good medicine like Dr. Harthey heard me in the parlor. But I was not | ter's iron Tonic can be had. Very truly, easy; I had been in a family where the

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

THE TIPTON REVIVAL.

Misrepresentations by a Reporter.

Au Indianapolis Paper Taken to Tak-

Card From Citizens of Tipton.

now in progress here sent to the Times of

Tirron, Ind., May 8 -The following, dated guessed, as the pretty lady rode ahead and Tipton, Ind . May 6, are extracts from a very loose and false report of the great revival

> your city: Tipton, Ind., May 6. - For some months past Mrs. Maria 8. Woodworth. an evangelist of Hartford City, Ind., has been creating considerable stir by the so-called "power" she claims to possess of send-ing people into trances which enables them, while in that condition, to see visions of the heavenly world, or the lower regions, as the case may be. She has been flitting from town to town for some time, and has lately swooped down on Tipton, a defenseless town of 2,000 inhabitants. In order to thoroughly investigate the matter, a Times reporter came here yere yesterday and followed the crowd, which was pouring toward the cource. Long before the edifice was reached faint sounds of singing and exhortion were heard. The nearer one drew the louder grew the uproar, until the open door of the church was reached, when the racket became overpowering. The interior of the sacred building presented a weird sight. Every available space was occupied by the standing congregation, the most of whom were singing at the top of their voice. Some were singing one hymn, some another; others were loudly exhorting, and one poor fellow was charging about the room howling dismally. The whole effect was hardly calculated to be soothing to the average ear, but the interested parties seemed to

Above the heads of the audience appeared the evangelist, standing on a chair. Her face, of a sallow, yellow color was set off by high, prounding cheek bones. Jet black hair was piled up on top of her head, and beneath rather high eyebrows rolled two constantly moving black eyes. A plain black dress and a white flehu completes the figure. Her arms were never quiet; her supple fingers were always convulsively working, and as she sang, her whole body kept time to the music. At short intervals she mopped the flowing perspiration from her face and took fresh breath. Banked up behind her were the converts of both sexes, and representing all conditions and ages. Most of them were sanctimonious looking young countrymen, who, with uplifted eyes and hands, sang lusuly in the awelling choruses. In one part of the room was a young girl kneeling on the floor and fervently praying with uplifted hands. About her were grouped the other young people, all in reverent attitudes. All the believers were trying to work themselves up to the highest pitch of excitement, in which state they were apt to go off into unconsciousness. If any one manifested any trance-like symptoms he was immediately sur-rounded by a crowd of shrinking converts, who did their best to make him lose what little reason he had left. Sometimes they succeeded, and mad-dened to a degree of insanity and the nervous system being taxed to an extent which it was unable to bear, suddenly gave way and the victim sank into a cataleptic state which often continued for

That is all there is in the matter. It is absolutely, undoubtedly and beyond paradvanture a stupendous deception. There is evidently nothing of divine interposition in it.

The above item does a great injustice to Mrs. Woodworth and the church and people of Tipton. The writer had the displeasure of seeing a beardless youth on the streets of Tipton Tuesday, and we learned since that he was a Times reporter. This reporter was certainly laboring under a hallucination, and seemed to have no regard whatever for the truth. Had he investigated matters he would not have written such an incendiary article concerning the meeting and the good people of Tipton. Mrs. Woodworth is from Syracuse, Ind , not from Hartford City, as he stated, and if the ignora mus reporter had made an effort to ascertain the facts in regard to Mrs. Woodworth or the meeting he could have told the truth.

Mrs. Woodworth has never claimed to possess the power of sending persons into trances and visions; she claims it is the work of Almighty God. She invokes the Almighty to send the power to smite down the wicked as if dead, and the the Lord has answered her prayers in our midst. To God she gives all the praise. Trances are not the object of ber meetings. Salvation is her theme, Christ and him cracified is her story. To say that the revival services that accompany the trances are "mere accessories" is a base | en Medical Discovery." and vile misrepresentation. As for the statement that no educated persons take stock in the meetings, that is another falsehood, as the church is jam full at all times, and a large part is composed of the most highly educated and literary people of Tipton and vicinity. The statement that crops and business have been neglected on account

of this meeting is also false. Business continues just the same as it did before the evapgelist came. The meeting is having a wonderful influence upon our community, and much good is being accomplished. As far as remuneration is concerned it is a matter of no thought to the evangelist, as she declines to go where any price is offered her. The meeting is being indorsed by the best people of Tipton and the surrounding country, as the names attached indicate. In the language of the evangelist, there is a terrible rattling of dry bones.

A CARD FROM CITIZENSA

We, the undersigned citizens of Tipton, take pleasure in highly recommending Mrs. Woodworth as a sincere, lady-like, Christian weman, and indorse the workings of the present revival which is now being conducted in Tipton. We have each read the scurrilous article in the Indianapolis Times of Thursday, May 7, 1885, and pronounce the gist of it as being false. A. Cone, Minister,

G. Hendricks, Jeweler, 8. Dickey, M. D., E. Fish, Teacher, O. Behymer, Sditor Times, M. W. Pershing, Editor Advocate. William M. Grishaw, Merchant, B. W. S. Ressler, Farmer, J. B. Oglebey, Merchant, W. R. Oglebey, Attorney, Dan Waugh, Judge of Circuit Court, M. Fippen, Prosecuting Attorney, B. Bates, Sheriff, L. L. Bunch, Clerk of Court, Levi Young, Merchant, D. C. Jones, Mechanic,

A. B. Pitzer, M. D.

The Knightstown Home.

KNIGHTSTOWN, Ind., May 7 .- Seeing that considerable newspaper comment is being indulged in concerning the new management of the Soldiers' Orphans' Home, and being in a position to speak impartially, and withal knowingly, I present your readers the following succinct and reliable statements concerning the matters under discussion. I do not now propose to discuss the efficiency nor adaptability of Superintendant Smith and other superior officers. because they are as yet untried. I know. however, that their hear s are in the work that is before them, and I believe that ultimately they will elevate the institution from the slough of despair, disgrace and dishonor into which it had been plunged, and make it "a home" in every sense of the term; one of which the children, the officers and the State will point to with pride. Miss Mamie Williamson, the new employe in the intermediate department, is the daughter of Mrs. Pittman by her former husband, Dr. T. W. C. Williamson, who was surgeon of the

The children now receive the same bill of

fare as do the Superintendent,

officers and teachers; are well clothed. and are consequently better conditioned

They will soon learn to respect and love those who are doing so much for them.

Miss Mary Wilson, one of the principal employes retained, is an intimate friend to Dr. White and family. Mrs. Reed, of Noblesville, will fill the position resigned by Mrs. Longwood. She is an experienced instructor. and comes well recommended. I will hezard the remark that each individual discharged should have been, and their place detur digniori, that those retained are only such as were competant, efficient and labored for the best interests of the children. Mrs Bertha Moore, Principal F. M. Asylum, and Miss Susan Ray Wilson, Principal Orphans' School, are still at their posts of duty doing valuant service despite the unjust criticisms cast upon them. No better, devoted and competant teachers could be procured. The published statement that Mrs. Pittman, at the suggestion of Mrs. Moore and Miss Susan Wilson, is having the triends of Dr. White discharged is preposterous in the extreme and unworthy any oredence. As evidence of the fact Mrs. Avels, Platt, Brunkwalt, Terry, O'Connell, McDugal, Miss Mary Wilson, Mary Clearey, Mary Pfarrer, Maggie Cook, Mary Stoic, Hannah and Maggie Texton, Miss Byerly, E. K. Whitsett, Brant Waldron, William Perkey, Mike Dewine, William Bresland, James Daugherty and others, who were either personal friends and defenders or appointees of Dr. White, still remain, while Miss Brant, matron, Miss Clark and Miss Strode, who were Goar's appointees, were incontinently bounced.

And now, about some of the immortal fifteen: Miss Strode was formerly employed in the Insane Hospital at Indianapolis. Much ado is made over the dismissal of a soldier's widow. The widow in question is not a soldier's, but a grass-widow. Mrs. Bets was afflicted with erysipelas. Mrs. Longwood, who resigned on Saturday evening, had been informed previously that she would be given

charge of a different division. Before closing I desire to state that the newspaper agitation over the acts of the Trustees. Superintendent and other superior officers of the Home is altogether nanecessary and uncalled for. Nothing as yet has been done to merit censure. I think it would be better to suspend judgment and await events. Justice.

Shooting Match,

GREENFIELD, May 8 .- Henry Smith, of Indianapolis, gave a shooting match yesterday, in which George Beck, of city, and W. H. Pauley, of Greenfield, engaged in a match of ten pair of birds, each for \$50 a side. Following is the score: W. H. Pauley 10 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11-13

A Remarkable Success.

Pond's Extract has es blished its merita in the most difficult way, by pushing its success for forty years, growing stronger every day over the entire civilized globe. You hear people say continually: "Oh, yes! I use it. It cured me of a bad case of hemorrhage, or piles, or catarrh," as the case may be Waile it is peculiarly a family medicine it cares botis, burns, wounds and all kinds of juffsmmations and hemorrages. Be careful to get

Ripe tomatoes cut in slices and served with mayonnaise sauce are a delicious addition to a spring dinner.

Brown's Little Joke.

"Why. Brown, how short your coat is," said Jones one day to his friend Brown, who wittily replied: "Yes; but it will be long enough before I get another." Some men spend so much for medicines that neither heal nor help them, that new clothes is with them like angels's visits-few and far between. Internal fevers, weakness of the lungs, shortness of breath and lingering coughs, soon yield to the magic influence of that royal remedy, Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Gold-

Radish tops, chopped fine and mixed with the soft food, make excellent green matter

Mishler's Herb Bitters is now used almost exclusively in the low marshy lands of Northern Illinois and Indiana, where fever and ague are almost an epidemic during the fall and spring months. Those who are in constant danger of the disease will find in this remedy not only a cure, but a sure positive preventive. It is the most successful resistant to the insidious approaches of these diseases that hasever been before the public.

The foot and mouth disease, which has existed in England for a long time, is now believed to be gone.

Catarrh Cured

- Catarrh is a very prevalent disease, with distressing and offensive symptoms. Hood's Sarsaparilla gives ready relief and speedy cure, from the fact it acts through the blood, and thus reaches every part of the system. " I suffered with eatarrh fifteen years. Took

Hood's Sarsaparilla and I am not troubled any with catarrh, and my general health is much better." I. W. Lillis, Postal Clerk Chicago & St. Louis Railroad.

"I suffered with catarrh 6 or 8 years; tried many wonderful cures, inhalers, etc., spending nearly one hundred dollars without benefit. I tried Hood's Sarsaparilla, and was greatly improved." M. A. ABBEY, Worcester, Mass.

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"Hood's Sarsaparilla tones up my system, purifies my blood, sharpens my appetite, and seems to make me over." J. P. Thompson, Register of Deeds, Lowell, Mass. "Hood's Sarsaparilla beats all others, and is worth its weight in gold." I. BARRINGTON, 130 Bank Street, New York City

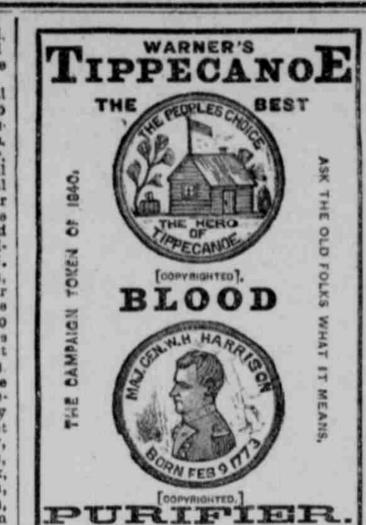
Hood's Sarsaparilla Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass. 100 Doses One Dollar.

WEAK, UNDEVELOPED PARTS OF THE HUSIAN EGDY ENLARGED, DEVEL-OPED, STRENGTHENED," Etc., is an interesting

advertisement long run in our paper. In reply to in-quirtes we will say that there is no evidence of hum-bug about this. On the contrary, the advertisers are very highly indorsed. Interested persons may get

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